

Not much of a believer
but my Guardian Angel is. I'm
guarding nothing at 0¹⁰ in my
new company in Korea and
nip into a supply tent,
fire up a stove.

After a bit it grows hot
and the red splotch
by the pipe starts
migrating in my drowsiness.
An outside hustle snaps me to,
and I speed through protocol:
Halt! Who goes there?
It proves to be my Captain,
and this our first meeting.

Hes a tub but has seen
John Wayne films, twin
45s flank